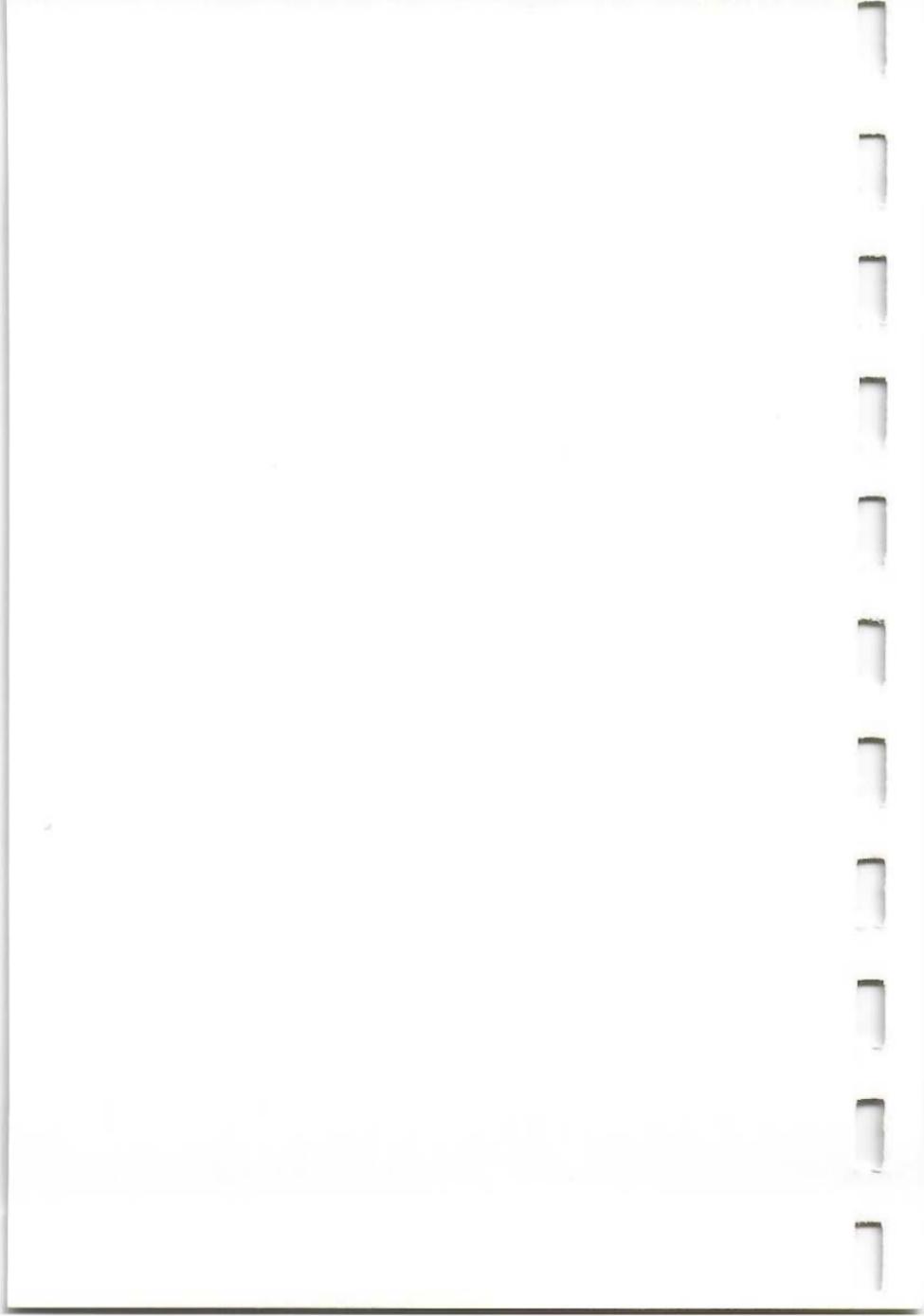


**CONFessions OF A ROVER
OR
NECTAR FOR THE GODS**

Everett S. Hopper



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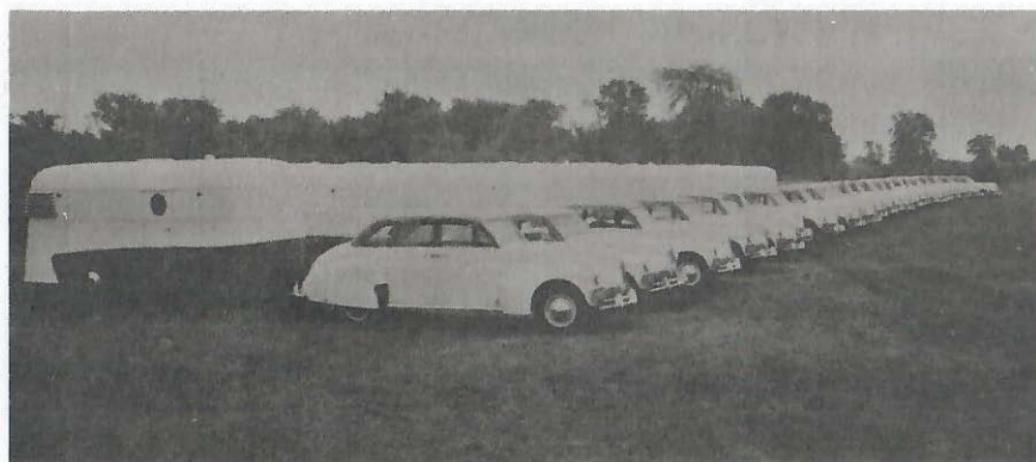
Atlanta, GA 30318

November 1990

Dedicated to
The most understanding,
supportive and loving wife
Margaret Ruth

The Coca-Cola Company - Technical Division
Bottlers' Service Department
Traveling Laboratory Fleet

1941



1941 Studebaker - Vagabond Trailer

CONFessions OF A ROVER

OR

NECTAR FOR THE GODS

by

Everett S. Hopper

At the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Keokuk, Iowa, we were greeted by the superintendent with, "It's as pure as sunshine and as sweet as apple honey". Richard Halliburton called it: "Nectar for the Gods."

The "WE" were two technicians, JCJ and ESH, - an engineer and a chemist - who were making the first visit to the plant with a Trailer-Laboratory equipped to make mechanical, chemical, and bacteriological surveys of their operation to assist them in any way possible to make a refreshing

quality product as efficiently as possible; thus, adhering to the standards of The Coca-Cola Company. It was 1942.

The cars and trailers were painted red and white, the dominant colors associated with Coca-Cola, but without any distinguishing logo. We could not obtain a suitable color picture of the fleet of cars and trailers, but on page 4 you can see contrasting dark and light. The dark was Coca-Cola Red and the light was more ivory than white.

The office regularly printed and circulated among the department personnel a paper called "The Red Rover News" giving news about each of the units and about people in the office plus technical information and/or exhortations.

This is not meant to be a technical treatise of my (our) operation but more a narrative of experiences encountered during eight years of making visits to bottling plants all over the country. Primarily it deals with

those with whom I had a working relationship. For that reason many names will be found only in the appendix and even then some are probably missing. An asterisk (*) follows the name of persons with whom I traveled at one time or another. A pound sign (#) can be found after the names of those in the original group of "Rovers".

As a starter: There was a plant in N. Dakota, the manager of which was an avid promoter of Coca-Cola. He told us the following story and I assume it is true. This was during WW II when nearly everything was rationed, especially sugar. The Pepsi bottler and the Coke bottler had a good relationship; could even say they were friends. The Pepsi bottler was up in years and rationing was a headache he could do without. The Coke bottler suggested that to relieve him of these worries he would be glad to buy his contract, to which the Pepsi bottler agreed. That meant that the sugar ration went with it, which the Coke bottler then

added to his allotment for manufacturing Coke. I don't know the net result of the transaction.

Sugar rationing was a pain for most everyone; so much so that in one instance our lab found that a certain bottler was deliberately adding just a smidgen of water to his syrup before measuring an ounce of it for each 6 1/2 ounces of product. This was one of the things our laboratory looked for. But of all the hundreds of surveys this was the only case to come to our attention; and the next time around that particular bottler was hewing to the line. He wasn't especially friendly and did not take us to any more horse shows or entertain us in any way, but he was quite co-operative. It's very probable that the home office had some words with him.

Many people swore that Coke didn't taste the same as before the war. That was psychological, because we found that all the other bottlers we visited were very conscientious to produce according to the

standards of the Company. There was no change - which was one purpose of the "Traveling Labs".

Another case of "thinning" was found but the bottler knew nothing about it until we discovered it. He had some antiquated filling equipment in which the syrup measuring pistons had to be "lubricated" by water over the top of the piston. The seal was not adequate and a minuscule amount of water was escaping past the seal. That was corrected.

The mobile labs had a beautiful red linoleum floor with an occasional 3/4 inch wide white stripe transversing it. In one plant we had to park the trailer in a dirt floored area where packages of caustic were stored. Not knowing that workmen had been tracking bits of caustic in the dirt we blithely walked into and out of the trailer during the entire visit. Next day there were little white pits all over the floor, giving the appearance of the bottom of a bird cage. Our

boss was right particular that we maintain an attractive work place so there was nothing to do but meticulously dig out every little "pit" with a knife and then scrub the floor thoroughly, followed by waxing and polishing. We had a little help with this. We ate at a restaurant nearby and, in conversation with the waitress, complained about all the extra work we were having to do. Apparently she didn't have enough to do, or felt she had to be a good Samaritan and give us a hand with cleaning the floor. I am sure that some readers will read into this some "extra-curricular" activities but they would be wrong. Word of such doings could get back to the home office and that would be the end. Not worth the chance.

From time to time new personnel would be added to the department staff. There was room enough in our '41 Studebaker Commander for a third person and his luggage. That was how a new employee would get training on the job. One

trainee in particular, (J.W.), was a "night" person. Often, after completing a plant "Survey", we would travel in the evening to the next town. It was still light when we left for the next location but our trainee "conked" out as soon as we started traveling. By 6 o'clock JCJ (the engineer of our twosome) said he was getting hungry. We stopped at the next restaurant, got out, ate supper, and started on our way again. All this time our new man was sound asleep in the back seat. Along about 9 o'clock he awoke and said. "I hunger". We told him we had already eaten, which didn't make him very happy. I don't remember what he or we did so he wouldn't starve. But I do remember he didn't sleep through another meal time. That wasn't really a nice trick. Luckily he wasn't too terribly upset; at least not enough for manslaughter.

JCJ wasn't really mean, but there were times when it appeared that way. A point in case was with this same trainee. We were

approaching Omaha for our next survey. Since the last plant we had not, for some reason, cleaned the laboratory floor. I suppose it was illegal to allow some one to ride in the trailer while traveling, but we couldn't go into a plant with a dirty floor so John, the trainee, was in the trailer with a bucket of soapy water scrubbing and then polishing the floor. We came to a traffic light that turned red unexpectedly and JCJ slammed on the brakes. Poor John must have slid forward in that trailer with a bump at the front end. Poor John.

Another time, with John, we were in Colorado going up Ute pass. Pulling that trailer in that altitude was a strain on the engine and it reacted with a hot radiator that needed more water. You're right - John was elected to get the water. He walked down the slope of the mountain to a stream to fill a bucket. As he was laboring up the hill with a pail of water we threw stones in his direction, being careful not to

hit him, but he didn't know that. I'm a little surprised that he did not murder the both of us. He had the incentive. He really was a good sport.

Another experience with mountain driving occurred in New York state. In this case we had a different trainee: Vick. He was a slightly portly gentleman and nearly always had a dead cigar in his mouth - or, rather - a stub of a cigar. I can't remember he ever actually smoked one; but must have to have a stub. He also wore a gold ring which bore the letter "G" inside a triangle emblem. I was never able to get him to explain the meaning of it. That's beside the point of this episode. Prior to this particular event we had been compelled to travel some freshly tarred roads and that beautiful red and white trailer and red and white Studebaker were splattered with tar. To remove it we had bought a product called "Whiz". And it was. That tar came off "in a whiz". Rather than throw away what was left in the

can, which was considerable, we just carried it in the car in case of a repeat. The repeat did not occur but some thing else did in the Adirondacks. This was not a case of the engine overheating but a case of it not being able to pull the hill. Being away out from nowhere there was nothing to do but improvise. Vick got out of the car and walked, JCJ drove and I sat on a fender pouring "Whiz" into the carburetor. I think it must have been almost pure xylene. But whatever it was we got up the hill.

Speaking of Red and White - that is another event. There was no name, no logo, on the trailer nor the car. Only the colors to suggest we represented Coca-Cola. And, of course, the car alone looked for all the world like a taxi. This caused a few little problems in Washington, D.C. Whenever we stopped at a hotel, almost invariably, someone tried to hail us for taxi service. During the war transportation was at a premium in Washington and

some of the people were a little difficult to convince that we did not run a taxi service.

Mentioning Washington reminds me of having my name paged in the Union railway station after returning to Washington after a week at home. During the war all the traveling-lab personnel had 6 weeks on the road and a week at home, 6 weeks on the road and a week at home, all year every year. It's a wonder all of the men were not divorced. JCJ had arrived in Washington before I did and knowing when my train was due he had me paged to let me know what and where. For a moment, in that big station, and in Washington I felt like a "VIP".

How did I get into this arrangement? After graduating from The Colorado College there were few jobs available in 1937 so I worked in the Colorado Springs YMCA until there was a job located. I looked in all the Yellow pages of telephone directories I could get my hands

on. I wrote to a number of laboratories that advertised, hoping to make a contact. A laboratory in Atlanta (Dumas) replied, telling of a new department The Coca-Cola Company was in process of developing. That led to an invitation to come for an interview. Mr. A. C. Johnson was the head of the new department and he was sufficiently satisfied with my qualifications to hire me. That was the 15th of December. At the end of the year all the road men went home to be with their families. Since there was nothing for me to do until the new year he gave me the two weeks before January and with two weeks pay!! "\$150/month prorated"! So - New Years Day was my first day on the job. At that time the Company did not take off New Years Day. I doubt if there are very many people who get two weeks vacation, with pay, before starting a job.

It would be nearly impossible to find a better person for whom and with whom to work. He expected a

person to do a good job but he did it in a nice way and got results. I think he was restricted in what he could do in the way of salaries I really did not have much of a salary, \$150 per month. Of course, right at the beginning of the war, everything was tight. We became good friends. He took our kids to ball games. He went on a picnic with our family in the North Georgia mountains. Frequently I went to his home to play cards. Canasta was a favorite game of his. When he died, I was in Illinois and so missed the opportunity to do him one last favor: being one of his pallbearers.

Back to events.

A rather harrowing incident arose in Jacksonville, Illinois. At this time I was "Unit Leader" with an engineer and trainee completing the crew - Jack and (not Jill), trainee Dick. We had just finished making a survey of the Jacksonville plant and were getting equipment battened down in

the trailer. That is, Jack and Dick were. I was in the car looking at the road map to see how to get to the next city. Being intent on this chore I was unaware of any people in the vicinity until I heard a voice say, "Come out of there with your hands up". When I looked up there was an officer with a pistol, and a bunch of people around the car. It didn't seem like a good time to ask questions, so I cooperated. In the mean time the two in the trailer were cornered. After a few questions and answers every one relaxed. It was a stupid event. It seems the "law" had been looking for some criminals and some one reported seeing me driving this loud looking car and got five when they added two and two. Why they would think a car and trailer in that location would have what they wanted is a mystery to me. "Trigger", I was known as for a time by compatriots.

Jacksonville was not my city. Another incident happened there which was even more traumatic.

Charlie O. was my working partner. He suddenly developed a pain in his side and I asked in the office the name of a doctor to see. This was a mistake; I should have taken him directly to the hospital. The doctor diagnosed it as appendicitis and seriously in need of an operation, which he did. I don't know what kind of doctor he was, but certainly not a skilled surgeon. Is that why they are called "practicing" physicians? Later Charlie had to go to Emory Hospital in Atlanta for repair work. It is surprising that Charlie still regards me as a friend. Must be a forgiving soul. Even so I have a problem forgiving myself.

Going back to the time when JCJ was Unit Leader: we were in the Detroit plant where the production superintendent showed us how to "improvise". He told us there was a certain young man who wanted to buy his girl friend a present - a personal present. He knew it would be in the department where all those ladies' "pretties" are

Fig. 1

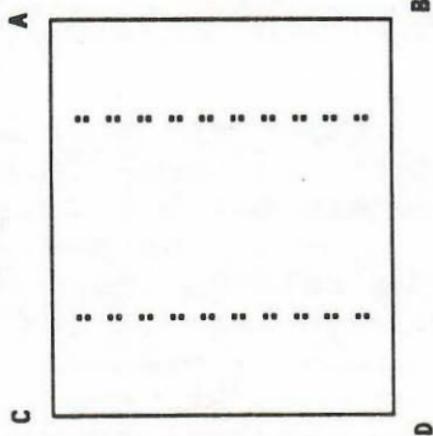


Fig. 2

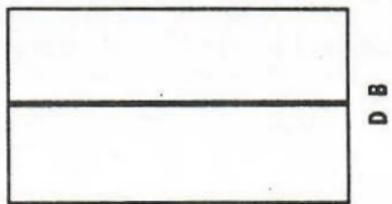


Fig. 3

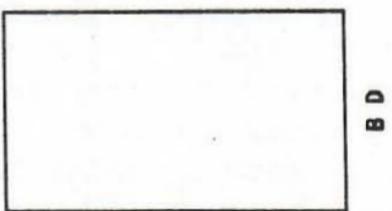
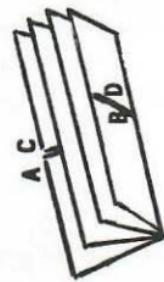


Fig. 4





As in Fig. 1, fold outer edges on the dotted lines to center to look like Fig. 2. Without disturbing the fold turn the handkerchief over to look like Fig. 3. Fold the ends up to look like Fig. 4.

21 With the thumb and finger of one hand grip the corners A and B only (none of the straight edges). With the thumb and finger of the other hand grip the corners C and D only. Now pull your hands apart and hold them to your chest to see what was wanted.

but did not know what to call it.

The clerk was of little help and the more he tried to explain, the more muddled things got; so he pulled out his handkerchief and told the clerk: "This is what I want". On a preceding page you can see how he solved the dilemma, if you have a handkerchief.

There were very few bottlers who were not glad to see our laboratory come to their plant. They knew we were trying to help them produce the best possible product. And often we were able to save them a lot of trouble at no cost to them. There is one case that stands out in which I am sure the bottler would have been just as happy not to see me. I cost him - unintentionally. For certain test purposes it was necessary to collect a sample of syrup directly from his production line. He had a small filling machine that had only one syruper (the part that placed 1 ounce of syrup in each 6 1/2 ounce bottle).

The syrup came into the bottom of the syruper through an elbow. At the right angle of the "el" there was a sampling valve. In place of using a beaker to collect the syrup I used a graduated cylinder, which, when in a vertical position, was too tall to let the syruper make its full travel. This was no problem when holding the cylinder at an angle; but inadvertently the cylinder got into a vertical position and when the syruper came down it snapped the pipe and syrup came pouring out. That was rationed sugar and most valuable. I expected the bottler to take me apart, but he was a most forbearing person. I won't forget Grand Island, Nebraska.

I mentioned that nearly all bottlers were glad to see us. There was one special exception to this. A certain bottler in Virginia was a crusty old bird and did not want anyone around "snooping" into his business or taking up his time. On the first visit of the mobile lab he wasn't

going to allow a survey to be made. One of the lab personnel (C.B.O.) made a call to Atlanta on the bottler's office phone. I never learned what was said but the bottler "allowed" the survey to be made. He finally understood that it was as much to his advantage, as to the Company, to cooperate with the lab survey operation and produce the best product he could. In fact at a later date he wrote a letter of apology to C. B. O. for delaying an answer to him and stating that he appreciated the service and help the traveling labs. were supplying. C . B. O. is a smooth operator.

Another instance of appreciation was in the Indianapolis (Yuncker) group of plants. One of them was having a water problem that intrigued me, so I spent considerable extra time working on it. The superintendent of the Indianapolis plant seemed to be impressed that I would do this and offered me a job with the Indianapolis plant. It was

somewhat of a temptation but I liked what I was doing and for whom I was working so did not accept.

Another traumatic experience happened in Peoria. In that plant there was a high speed filler (for those days - maybe 250 bottles per minute) that filled bottles with pre-blended product. The syrup and water and carbon dioxide were mixed and chilled before going to the filling machine. This was finished Coca-Cola flowing through a 2 inch stainless steel line into the filler. I was standing astride the line observing the action of the filler when, through no fault of mine, (not having touched anything), the line broke and spewed ice cold Coca-Cola all over me from head to foot. That was a cold, wet, sweet, sticky bath (but tasty). Fortunately the plant had showers. I guess I was too traumatized to remember how I got clean dry clothes. Probably, JCJ went to the hotel and got them.

A phrase above calls to mind the closing words of the master of ceremonies back in the '40's, following an hour of Percy Faith music on a Sunday afternoon:

"Whoever you are, Whatever you do,
Wherever you may be, When you
think of Refreshment. Think of
Coca-Cola. For Coca-Cola makes
any Pause the Pause that
refreshes; and ice-cold Coca-Cola
is everywhere"

(Even for a shower).

In this same plant there was a most beautiful water treating system called, "batch treatment". They had two redwood tanks about 10 feet tall and maybe 7 or 8 feet in diameter, or was it 10 feet? Too long ago to remember exact dimensions. When one was empty they would switch to the other. The empty tank would be flushed out and then filled with water. Knowing the characteristics of the water they would add measured amounts of lime, alum, and chlorine then mix. Mixing was

done by com- pressed air blown through a cross network of pipes at the bottom of the tank. After thorough mixing, the water was allowed to stand all night to settle the precipitated alkalinity. Next morning the water was clear as crystal from top to bottom. In use, the water was drawn from the top so there would be no pickup of the precipitate at the bottom. Chlorine was removed by special filters and the resulting water was the best tasting, and, of course, made delicious product.

We did not set our working hours - the plant schedule did that. There was a plant in DuQuoin, Illinois, that adjusted its hours for the convenience of the employees. That is, one period in the middle of summer, they did their bottling from about 10 PM till about 6 AM to try to beat the heat. That would have been ideal for J.W., since he was a night person. We were just as glad to avoid the daytime temperatures, also. The DuQuoin bottler had

developed a park out of strip-mined land and built a beautiful lagoon for boat racing and a track for the Hambletonian races. The barns for the "visiting" horses were as clean and attractive as many a residence; and with showers for the horses.

Bob Mc. was another co-worker. His home was in Wisconsin and each week-end he wanted to go home. We were traveling the Midwest and train service was good, so usually this could be arranged. Because work hours were not a fixed 9 to 5 or 8 to 5 it was sometimes a problem to get him to a station in time for the train. 60 was usually my top speed. I think we never missed a schedule. It is a little tricky driving at that speed over snow covered roads but one learns how to do it, and we had no wrecks due to fast driving. Speaking of wrecks, I was involved in three: one when JCJ was driving and 2 when I was driving. Take JCJ first.

We were on our way into Holdredge, Nebraska, over some very slippery, wet muddy roads. Going down one slight hill the trailer wanted to become lead vehicle and the skidding caused it to slide into a ditch, which had enough slope to tip it on its side against the opposing sloping bank and become unhitched from the car. It was possible to drive into Holdredge and find a garage that knew how to handle this kind of situation. The mechanic brought a stack of used tires to place on the road in the right spot to cushion the fall of the left wheel of the trailer when he pulled it back upright. The only damage was a few pieces of glassware in the lab and the right wheel of the trailer bent a little out of plane because of the total load of the trailer on that wheel as it tipped in that direction. The wheel was easily straightened.

One of my accidents occurred between St. Petersburg and Springfield, Illinois. There had been sufficient snowfall to

obliterate the edge of the pavement. At this particular spot the driver of an approaching car must have been leery of the car and trailer approaching and pulled far to the right to give lots of clearance. The mistake was that the lady pulled too far to the right and dropped off the edge of the pavement then to correct this she pulled hard left just a short distance in front of us. I saw what was happening and swung right, toward the sloping bank, with the car at right angles to the trailer. In the meantime she scraped the left side of the trailer, causing about \$1000 or more damage, a lot of money in the '40s. How do I get into these things?

The other accident involved Charlie O. Poor Charlie! It's a wonder he still speaks to me - but he does and I'm glad he considers me a friend. It is not possible to meet a nicer person than Charlie.

On Monday morning he would drive

from his home to mine and park his car then we would go back to the route in the company car. One Friday driving back to get his car we were on a long straight stretch of road, and, although it was dark, the weather was excellent and the only traffic visible was one car in front of us. Just as I started to pass, that driver, without any visible signal, made a left turn into an obscure unmarked country lane. We both stopped side by side on an embankment at a 45 degree angle to both roads. There was no serious damage to either vehicle. I am sure Charlie, being on the impact side, was a little shook up. Why does it happen to Charlie?

There is no continuity to this narrative but by its nature does not need to be. During WW II the department of traveling labs. got down to 2 from about 15 or 20 when it began, because of the draft. The operating personnel of these two were either over age for the draft or 4-F. JCJ and I were 4-F. Mr. A.C. arranged our plant visits

so we worked in the south in the winter and in the north in the summer. Now, that is consideration for one's associates.

One summer, in Minnesota, we had a strange experience. Again we were traveling at night between plants with JCJ at the wheel. At one point we began to hear a strange popping noise. There was nothing unusual about the performance of our equipment so we kept on going. It seemed the popping continued for a number of miles. Next morning when we examined car and trailer there were hundreds of mangled frogs plastered against them. It had been a very wet season and they must have been migrating.

Frogs are not the only thing rampant in Minnesota. One afternoon on a golf course it was miserable - the air was thick with mosquitos - Texas size I believe. They must have migrated north for the summer.

A more pleasant experience was in Appalachicola, Florida. Or at least it ended up that way. The bottler's name was Ned, can't recall his last name. He and JCJ were good friends. Ned really sold Coca-Cola. As I remember he had 99% cooler coverage in his territory. Being an old time acquaintance with JCJ he invited both of us to his home for a lunch. His wife had set a beautiful table with lovely linens and fine china. There are, or at least were, in that area, some of the best oyster beds you could hope to find. The first course was raw oysters and an excellent sauce. I had never eaten raw oysters and they did not appeal in the least to me. But what do you do? What the others do, of course. I managed to get them down and, now, raw oysters are a favorite. A delicacy I could indulge in, in New Orleans to my fill. What a place to satisfy one's appetite - those superb dining institutions! When JCJ and I were working the New Orleans plant we decided to help the war

effort by donating blood. From time to time, in different cities, we would give a pint of blood and gradually built up a respectable record.

Speaking of seafood. Another time, we were in Brunswick, GA. Being a seacoast town, there was plenty of seafood available. The bottler there threw a party one evening and JCJ and I were fortunate enough to be invited. He had prepared oysters, crabs, and shrimp in great quantities. That was an evening to remember.

Some persons may not know how Waycross got its name. I have been told, and have seen nothing to refute it, that during the Civil War (pardon) War Between The States, that firebrand, General Sherman, was moving through Georgia so fast there were times he was not sure of his location. At one point he asked some one where they were and was told, "'way cross" Georgia.

Thinking about Mr. A.C. I remember

him telling about his early days with Coca-Cola in the '20s. He told me that the 6 bottle take-home carton was his brainstorm but that he never got credit for it. It was one of the great marketing ideas for the Company. I don't remember his explanation of how the idea was promoted, nor by whom.

Mr. A.C. was a very knowledgeable person and valuable to the company. Example: Mr. Woodruff and General Eisenhower were very good friends and I assume that is why the General asked that The Coca-Cola Company provide bottling plants for troops over seas. As we got into the war Mr. Woodruff said, "We'll make Coca-Cola available for a nickel wherever there are U. S. servicemen in the world". Mr. A. C. drew up specifications for bottling plants so complete "they could have been assembled and maintained on the moon without borrowing a single item".

Mr. A. C. was a very hard headed

individual when it came to Quality Control and a quality product. At one of the annual meetings he conducted for field personnel, he told of some salesman who tried to sell him on the idea of promoting the installation of ultra violet lights on washed bottle lines to sterilize any missed foreign material. Mr. A. C. told him he was insisting on a CLEAN bottle not one containing so and so sterile horse manure. Not quite an exact quote of his words.

The department Mr. A. C. developed seemed to provide a good foundation for future executives. At least, I like to think it did. One of the men, S.G., became a vice-president for Pepsi. At least two others became V.P.s for The Coca-Cola Company: S.M. and L.G. A fourth person, who was not a part of our department per se, but who received training in the department in order to provide the same service in the Caribbean area is now Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of The Coca-Cola Company, Mr. Roberto C. Goizueta. Numbers of others

became department and section heads within the Company; and one of the secretaries, D.G., became Mr. Woodruff's personal secretary.

One of the pleasures of being a part of the field force, or in some phase of quality control, was the opportunity to attend large conventions. Those of Company origin, such as bottlers' conventions; and those of allied industry conventions where there are extensive displays of machinery and various aids for bottlers. One convention of particular pleasure was held in Atlantic City. The particular pleasure was to hear that magnificent pipe organ, and to hear programs by big time performers like Spike Jones, Percy Faith, and Jane Frohman; and to meet such famous personalities as "Big Jim" Farley who was president of the Coca-Cola Export Corp. and who was a close friend of Franklin Roosevelt until his third or fourth run for the presidency, which Mr. Farley opposed. After that Mr. Roosevelt dumped him.

A once in a life time experience - I mean I don't care for another exactly like it: a group of 10 men had contracted for a day of deep sea fishing out from Miami. At the last minute one could not make the trip and I let myself be talked into taking his place-somebody to pay his share. Not having been briefed on prevention of sea sickness, that rolling fishing boat just turned me inside out. Between bouts I took a turn at holding one of the poles. During the entire day not a fish had been snagged but it was just my luck to have a strike on my line. The idea was to reel him in, but I did not want that fish. I had no place for that fish, I could not afford that fish! Another person who really wanted it took over and eventually landed a most beautiful sail fish. It was about 8 feet long and the person who brought it in had it mounted and shipped to his home in Atlanta.

Late one evening in 1943 or '44 we

were traveling along the Gulf coast toward Gulfport, MS, and had to go through a little town by the name of Ocean Springs. The local constabulary had a good thing going. They stopped every car that wanted to pass through. It was night time, as usual for us, and they gave us a traffic ticket because we did not have half of each head light taped over with black tape "so they would be less visible for any German submarines that might be standing off the coast" It cost a fine and the tape they sold.

In trying to bring to mind other interesting happenings in the traveling days an unusual sign is remembered: in a plant, in Minnesota. The bottler was very accommodating to visitors, if --. In the wash room was a wall plaque: "If you don't drink our product, don't use our toilet. We are not interested in that end of your business".

Possibly, the most efficient, and well run plant in the country has

been that in Atlanta under the superintendency of Dean C. He made it a show plant for visiting bottlers from all over as well as a show place for the Atlanta populace. It was "Spic and Span" to the point it almost shone; and one could sense that his product was "pure as sunshine and sweet as apple honey"

Another plant that made an impression on me was in a small town in eastern Illinois (Paris). The production superintendent was a woman. Everything about that plant was super. The product was up to standard, and the bottling room could match Atlanta for good impressions. The machinery gleamed. It was painted snow white and with no traces of grease nor soil. Wish I could remember the woman's name.

After about 8 years of traveling I was invited to the home office and quality control (1950). That brought on a whole new set of experiences. Strictly speaking, routine quality control can be

quite boring if one is inclined to develop new things and not given an opportunity. To a certain extent there was time to work on special projects and this was the fun part of the job.

One special project from which I received much pleasure was that of developing a procedure for measuring the amount of carbon dioxide in a beverage. For years there had been methods for determining the gas in a closed package based on the temperature and pressure within the container. None of these were exact but were satisfactory for day to day quality control and for being able to reproduce the same level of carbonation from package to package. But as far as measuring the exact amount of carbon dioxide in either a closed package or open container there was no reliable method as far as I could learn. The method I developed would be entirely unsuitable for production operations but was very effective for research purposes. It is tedious and time consuming but

reproducible results are obtainable within a few percent of actuality.

A fun part of the traveling job was to work on special assignments. Two of these are described below; one for obstacles and one for technical reasons, with a break between.

Pittsburgh needed some one to train a quality control person to handle that part of their operation. That was not the memorable part of the trip. JCJ and I were in Richmond making a production survey when an evening call came from Mr. A.C. for me to go to Pittsburgh - immediately. It was too late to try for train reservations and it was during WW II when practically all of the space on trains was taken up by military personnel and others with priority needs. Not to let Mr. A.C. down I got on the first train going that way. What a ride!! I couldn't even get into a car they were so crowded; so all the way to Washington I sat on a suit case

between cars. When I got into Washington I was really black from smoke and dust. There happened to be an all night bath house open where I could get cleaned up and continue to Pittsburgh.

Speaking of dirty; JCJ and I on our first visit to the Montgomery, Alabama, plant had a good visit with the owner of the plant as we were going over the results of the survey. Before you infer the plant was not up to standard I must assure you that it was a well run plant. One of the best. It was the owner of the plant. His name was Stanhope Elmore. The man liked his chewing tobacco and had chewed since a boy I suppose. On our next visit to the plant we noticed that the owner was not chewing. His explanation: "If a man gets to the point he can't spit beyond his vest it's time to quit".

Cleveland had a water treating problem. Mr. A.C. sent me there to try to work it out. The problem was serious foaming on the

filler due to a special character of the water. Prior to my arrival the superintendent had obtained a chemical balance and other laboratory equipment and test chemicals needed to work on the problem. Their treatment consisted of lime, alum and chlorine, which was normal for most water supplies. After making chemical tests and experimenting with various combinations, and reading about the problem, it was found that ferrous sulfate was a suitable substitute for alum. In none of the plants we had worked had we encountered the use of ferrous sulfate, but I wanted to try it. The fun part was that the superintendent showed me how to operate a metal lathe and I was able to cut a small worm gear and fit it into a housing attached to a hopper. The gear (auger) was, perhaps, 3/8 inch in diameter and two or three inches long and the hopper a tapered four sided box about 2 inches on side at the top and about two or three inches high. These dimensions may not be exact but they indicate that it

was not really large and did not need to be because it was feeding a dry powder. This seemed to relieve the foaming problem. The nice thing about ferrous sulfate is that pH control is not the critical thing it is in using aluminum alum, and it may have been the pH factor causing the problem. After this time ferrous sulfate replaced alum in most plants. I have always thought this resulted from the Cleveland operation but, like Mr. A.C. and the carton, credit never came my way. Oh, well. As some one has said, "There is no limit to what a man can do or where he can go if he doesn't mind who gets the credit". I understand that it was a favorite quote with Mr. Robert Woodruff, the master builder of the Coca-Cola business.

Still remembering events from traveling days: from the following event the reader can appreciate how dull traveling can be. JCJ and I were working plants in Kansas and there was one little town, Garden City, Kansas, I

believe, on the Santa Fe line. The "big" excitement? It was to see the "Super Chief" (or perhaps it was the El Capitan) "fly" through. It was rather interesting, though, because standing on the siding at the depot only about 15 or 20 feet from the track that train was going so fast one could not distinguish the division between cars; it must have been 90 or 100 miles per hour. Also, there must have been something peculiar about the way sound was propagated because there seemed to be so little noise as it went by.

Mentioning Santa Fe suggests another Kansas plant we had on our itinerary - the town of Newton. We drove all over that town trying to find the plant and no one seemed to have heard of it. Eventually we found it in an out of the way place. The reason: it was franchised by The Harvey House, food suppliers to serve the Santa Fe line only - their trains and restaurants only, so the populace could be excused for

being ignorant of the existence of the plant.

Trains are a whole separate category. Of the many ridden over a ten year period, there are two that especially stand out in my mind. One, the Denver Zephyr and the other, the Panama Limited. The Denver Zephyr was an overnight run from Denver to Chicago and vice versa. It was a sleek train, all stainless steel clad and looked like a silver bullet when "flying". It was operated by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad. JCJ told me there was at least one shower available.

The Panama Limited was operated by the Illinois Central railroad. It made an overnight run between New Orleans and Chicago, and vice versa. It was an all Pullman train with the "plushest" dining car. At either end of the diner there were two well appointed and decorated booths. When the train was standing in either the Chicago station or the New Orleans station there was a telephone connection

on the rear car to the city phone system for the convenience of passengers. Of course the food was excellent on this and the Denver Zephyr.

Another remembrance popped up: Niagara Falls. JCJ and I were working the Buffalo plant. The manager knew managerial people at the Bell Aircraft Plant in Niagara Falls and took us to see that operation. They were building King Cobra fighters. Evidently they were being produced exclusively for the Russians, who maintained an office in the plant. It was a beautiful plane, single engine and well armored to protect a pilot. We were told that when the Russians flew them home they removed the armor as excess weight, or, maybe, to convert the metal to some other use. The engine was behind the pilot and a drive shaft ran between his legs to the propeller. A machine gun fired through the hub of the propeller.

Ordinarily there was little or

nothing to do on week-ends.

At some point it occurred to me that it would be fun and good use of time to learn to fly. I still have the logbook from Dec. 9, 1945 to Aug. 8, 1948. Because I could not afford more than one lesson a week and we seldom spent two week ends in the same city I never had the same plane twice nor the same instructor twice. That was somewhat discouraging, enough to quit until better circumstances. The first lesson was in an old beat-up Piper Cub in Jackson, Tennessee. There were 11 more cities before giving it up as a poor way to learn. It was interesting though. There were Taylor craft, Aeronca, and Luscomb, in addition to Cubs. The Luscomb, a beautiful plane, was in Virginia, MN. In Bemidji, MN, there was a Taylorcraft with floats in place of wheels. With all the water in MN one doesn't have to worry about running out of runway when on floats. My first airplane ride was in 1928 in Detroit in a Ford Tri-motor. At

the time there was an extensive aeronautic show in Detroit. On display was the plane Bird had flown over the North pole and the one he later flew over the South pole: Ford Tri-motors.

I see by the log that I was at one airfield twice: Macomb, Ill., but with a year between visits and a different instructor. This airfield is especially remembered because the lesson was on a Sunday afternoon. My wife had prepared a bountiful meal of roast, gravy, baked potatoes and the trimmings. The instructor chose that day to teach me how to go into and get out of spins. It was the wrong day for that maneuver because not only did that plane spin but so did my stomach. We were over farm land so the pilot said to open the door and make myself more comfortable. And that was such a good roast to lose. Until more field experiences come to mind I'll go back to the home office.

A man in charge of the lab, P.Y., had been a former state chemist.

P.Y., was a rather laconic person and didn't seem to have a lot to say. One of his favorite expressions when coming to work on a cold rainy day was: "It's a damp bad day". The only problem: I was never sure of his pronunciation, whether the "p" in damp was sounded.

Pronunciation suggests a story that just has to be included although it has nothing whatsoever to do with the present subject matter. A certain minister had been hounded to distraction by a recent on-fire, rather rough, convert, who wanted to help his church. To appease this would-be helper, the minister gave him a list of "back sliders" and church stationery and told him to see whether he could get some to return. Soon, thereafter, a letter came to the church from a physician, apologizing for his neglect of churchly obligations. In the letter he promised to be as faithful as his practice would allow and inclosed a check for \$1000. He added a postscript:

"Please tell your secretary there is no "c" in skunk and only one "t" in dirty". Back to P.Y. Eventually he went into the pharmacy business and that left me with the lab.

Our lab seemed to be a training ground for chemists, technicians, and secretaries. There were too many to remember. There was one in particular because of her long tenure in the lab and because she was the most loyal, dependable, and hard working secretary with whom one could hope to work: J.K. (later J.G.). She must have liked the laboratory environment because she was there during my time and until this writing, 14 or 15 years after my retirement. Another person of exceptional talent and ability was J.T., who managed our business of supplying quality control testing equipment to bottlers and canners; procuring, testing and shipping. She, like many others who came to us, was capable of doing more and so transferred.

In connection with the shipping, certain challenges would crop up from time to time. One special one had to do with how to pack a gallon glass jug filled with dilute acid so that it would survive handling by the postal service. With the help of the representative of a pasteboard carton manufacturer a carton was devised having a double wall with inter-wall bracing. All carton material. To test it, a jug of water was packed in the carton and dropped out of a third floor window onto the concrete sidewalk. Presto! No breakage. Surely the Post Office couldn't do worse.

J. T. had the responsibility of maintaining a large inventory of laboratory testing equipment for bottlers to use in maintaining the quality of their product. There was only a small area for minimal stock in the shipping room and the bulk was stored in a warehouse two or three miles away through city traffic: a most inefficient operation. As time went on. It became obvious that it was

developing into an intolerable situation. I had had no success in convincing the department Manager of an approaching crisis. In desperation, it seemed the time to test whether or not there was an open door policy in existence. I compiled a brochure showing shipping volume, dollar value, and the need for inventory control to consolidate the operation and avoid a breakdown in supplying quality control testing equipment. A photo of the existing area was included. The original copy was mailed to Mr. Luke Smith, with copies to my Department Manager, his Supervisor, and his Supervisor. Mr. Smith was Vice-President of The Coca-Cola Company and President of Coca-Cola USA, 4 layers above me. Maybe you think that didn't stir up something?? I was called on the carpet (not by Mr. Smith) and told a few things about my approach, but something was done about the situation and we got some excellent facilities. A week or so after the storm I met Mr. Smith in a hallway and thanked him for

the action that had been put into effect. His comment: "You sure had to raise hell to get it"

Being involved in quality control brought many interesting experiences and opportunities to know people in allied industries, and to visit their operations. Some examples: bottle manufacturers, can manufacturers, manufacturers of bottle closures, manufacturers of hose and fittings, machinery manufacturers, carbon dioxide plants, etc. On the down side were other experiences: such as when we rejected test equipment supplied by an outside firm. The particular item in this instance was a glass volumetric device for use in monitoring machinery settings for the correct volume of syrup to put into a package. Our lab rejected them by the hundreds. They were supplied by a company whose personnel and the head of our department were good friends. Our department head was sure I was in error and came into the lab with an assistant to observe and

prove it. It didn't "prove", so he sent me to the supplier to observe their procedure. The problem was obvious. Although the burette they were using had been certified by the Bureau of Standards, as was ours, it was connected to the dispensing valve by way of a length of gum rubber tubing which, of course, swelled and shrank with the change in pressure due to the height of liquid in the burette. Even though the volumetric error was only a percent or even a fraction of a percent. That meant a gain for the company and a loss to the bottler which could add up to many dollars when one considers the millions of gallons of syrup used. If we had approved the item it would have meant dollars for the company but that was not the governing concern - it was a matter of adherence to standards. I heard nothing more about that.

Another case of "proving" me had to do with the results we were getting when analyzing the metal in bottle caps for steel weight

and hardness and the amount of tin plated on the steel. I never knew what disturbed him about our results but he arranged with a steel company to cut samples from the same piece of tin plate - a set of samples for the manufacturer and a set for us. The net results were equivalent. I never heard more about that either.

This manager had a horror of being in the wrong, and wanted to be sure of results going out of his department. This is well and good and there is no quarrel with that, but it would have been so much more pleasant if he had had more of the managerial qualities of Mr. A.C. And something has puzzled me for years: in one of the in-house publications my picture was included with others in the department but the description underneath said "Assistant Department Manager". Nothing was ever said to me about it nor was there any salary change. Lacking aggressiveness, I did not pursue it. I think, now, that was a

mistake.

In retrospect I remember incidents that could have ended in catastrophe; so it must be the good Lord still looks after fools. Neither test, at the time, was considered a hazard. I was intent on getting results - which, fortunately, was what happened. One involved the traveling lab tests.

As part of our production surveys of bottling plants it was necessary to collect samples of liquid throughout a bottling plant's production systems, for bacteriological testing. One point for sampling was a rinse tank through which washed bottles passed before filling. This was susceptible to bacterial growth unless properly cared for. The incident took place at the close of the work day and the machinery shut down. The sampling petcock was behind a large drive cogwheel. If the machine were running, one could reach behind the turning wheel, even though a little

awkward. But when the wheel was stopped it was easier to reach between the spokes to get a sample. This I did and just as I pulled back my arm someone pressed the "on" button. That can bring on a cold sweat. One lesson was enough. Idle machinery doesn't always stay idle. Another near miss took place in the lab at the home office.

One of the quality control tests in our Central Lab was to determine how well a bottle cap could withstand the internal pressure of a bottle of carbonated or non-carbonated product. For example, a 6 1/2 ounce bottle of product in the summer sun can reach a temperature of about 130 degrees. At this temperature the pressure could be as high as 120 psi. so never put a bottle at that temperature in cold water. The shock could cause a problem. This applies to any carbonated beverage bottle not Coke bottles alone.

A bottle of non-carbonated product, such as chocolate can

develop considerable pressure when it is sterilized at elevated temperature. The air in the upper part of the bottle can be compressed when the liquid expands with heat. The sterilizing temperature will be at about 40 degrees above the boiling point of water. To obtain that temperature and still be able to observe the expansion of the contained liquid as well as escape of air bubbles, if any, from under the cap, the bottle of beverage was immersed in 1 or 2 gallons of oil in a glass container heated by a gas burner. The temperature was slowly raised until it was equivalent to sterilizing temperature. Between me and the apparatus was a sheet of plate glass. Yes. I was thinking a little bit. The experiment worked without any mishap but now I think of what would have been the result if the bottle or cap had failed. The liquid was already above the boiling point of water, about 40 degrees. If that cap or bottle had failed, 6 1/2 ounces of liquid would have instantly converted to

steam; occupying the space of maybe 1600+ bottles (if my figures are correct); and the oil being hot, over an open flame, there would have, probably, been one hellish explosion and fire and one more widow in the world.

Being a rock hound is not necessarily all roses or pleasure; apparently there are some thorns. To wit: an experience with Bob Mc. He was an inveterate rock hound and lapidary. He had cut and polished some beautiful stones, which he made into some exquisite jewelry, and of course, was always on the lookout for fresh raw material.

We were in Springfield, Mo., and too far from Wisconsin for good connections to permit going home for the weekend. Being so close to the Ozarks he thought it a good opportunity to do some searching.

On a Saturday morning one Spring day we drove over into Arkansas for his search. A few miles into the state there was an inviting

gravel road off the main highway, which we took. Only a mile or two on the gravel we came to a beautiful mountain stream - crystal clear and with a slight turquoise color. We followed along till we came to a bend in the road below a bluff and a place to ford the stream. The crossing was on a rock or concrete slab only a few inches below water level. On either side of the stream there were shallow banks of what turned out to be loose gravel. No problem of getting down to the slab but getting out of the stream on the far bank was the problem. The wheels would only spin in the loose gravel so we decided to back to where we had come from - up the other bank. That side was the same situation. The wheels only spun, so there we were in midstream with no way to get out. We took turns driving to try to get that '46 Mercury out of the stream. Finally I decided that, perhaps, if I tried one side or the other maybe there would be some traction. That was the end. The car slid off the bed rock into

deeper water and came to rest with about 6 inches of water inside the car. Before the engine died the fan was driving water out the side of the hood of the car making it look like a motor boat spray. Not only had the car sunk but our feelings of despair were even deeper. There was a farm house about a 1/4 or 1/2 mile up the road where, we hoped, we could get some help. Luckily there was a young fellow recently mustered out of the army and he had an old truck he had bought as army surplus and also had a hundred feet or so of towing cable. He drove up to the top of the bluff above us and tossed down one end of the cable which we attached to the trailer hitch of the car. That got us out of the stream and up on the road. The engine was too water logged to crank so he towed us to the highway but no further because he had no license plate. Along the way we tried to get the engine started and finally in a lame sort of way it would fire and finally did start but it was very rough. We limped to a

garage which, fortunately, was open on a Saturday afternoon. The crank case was drained and filled with fresh oil. With only some of the cylinders firing we limped back into Springfield to park in a Ford or Mercury parking lot. On Monday morning it was learned that the distributor was in two parts and half of the contacts were flooded which caused 4 of the 8 cylinders to not fire. That was our last rock hunt.

With having survived all these close calls that have come my way, how can one not believe in some kind of special intervention.

Gastronomically, another first taste was enjoyed in Kentucky. The name of the town escapes me. The bottler invited JCJ and me to dinner at his home. Quail was the featured dish and it was tasty. Such tiny wish bones! This paragraph is way out of place but the thought just occurred, maybe it's lunch time.

Sometime around 1943-1944 JCJ and

I were working the Detroit plant and staying at the Book Cadillac Hotel. One evening at dinner the entertainment featured Victor Borge. He was at his hilarious best and that was one of a few times in my life when my sides actually ached from laughing. He and his antics and stories were so funny and his style so fresh and free from objectionable material. Many of today's so-called comedians and comediettes are not funny but, on the contrary, just foul mouthed and coarse, and unimaginative.

I knew a plant superintendent who was involved in role reversal. During WW II he was married and he and his bride had no opportunity to establish a home. As soon as he got out of service he remarked to his wife, "Now I can have some good old home cooking", To which the lady said, "Honey, I don't cook". Where he acquired his culinary skills I do not know but from then on he did the cooking. His wife was happy doing house work and gardening and I suppose

repairs as they were needed. So, the husband, after a day at the bottling plant, would prepare supper when he got home. As far as I know it was a very satisfactory arrangement for them.

One weekend, while in San Diego, an associate (F.M.) and I drove over to Tijuana, Mexico, for two things: to see a bull fight and a Jai Alai game. The bull ring was brand new, several miles from Tijuana, near the Pacific ocean, which was visible from the bull ring. The Jai Alai was in Tijuana. Not being steeped in the culture of the Spanish tradition I had mixed feelings about the bull fights. The thing most admired was the horsemanship of the riders at the first part of the show. Of course the matador demonstrated skill with the cape and the sword. What really bothered me was the action of the picadores and banderilleros. What they did required skill, but the poor bull surely must have been in pain.

We went to the Fron Ton, in

Tijuana, for dinner and the Jai Alai games. The Jai Alai was most fascinating to watch. Another case of a highly developed skill. A really fast game that was bet on by most observers.

Incidentally, if one drives in Mexico, it is advisable to buy from Mexican insurance carriers as one crosses the border. This was advice we received and followed as we entered. I was glad we didn't have to test the validity of it, however.

A most unusual and pleasurable event took place in Mexico in 1972. Prior to this time Charlie O. had organized a group of company and bottling plant technical people, about 40 in number. From time to time this group, named "Production Advisory Council", held meetings in different locations. For one meeting Charlie had made elaborate arrangements with several Coca-Cola bottlers in Mexico to visit their plants. Our wives were included in this trip and

they took various excursions in the proximity of Mexico City while the men attended meetings. One memorable meeting was in Queretaro. After the men had observed the operation of the bottling plant (an exceptionally well operated plant) the owner invited the entire group, wives also, to his hacienda. He had quite an impressive residence. And even more impressive was the "spread" he provided the group, accompanied by Mexican musicians playing typical Mexican music. There were broiled steaks aplenty with accompanying tasty side dishes. This was a high point of the trip but of course we experienced many special dinners, also, and entertainment, including theater where a special troupe performed a native musical drama: Ballet Folklorico de Mexico.

Traveling can provide some strange experiences. In a city in Pennsylvania, to relieve some boredom one evening, we were walking along a street when we heard some organ music coming from

a bar. JCJ was an organ aficionado, being a player himself. We stopped in to listen and watch. At one of the tables there were two or three couples that seemed to be engaged in some kind of argument. At one point one of the girls got really perturbed. She stood up, grabbed a beer bottle and hit the guy over the head. Luckily for him the bottle broke. If it had been a Coke bottle, it would have killed him. Those Coke bottles are tough enough to drive a nail - that is, the 6 1/2 ounce bottle.

When there were a number of plants in relatively close proximity it was convenient to stay in a central city and work out of it. We could take the lab out in the morning and come back to park it at night. In one case the bottler invited us to his home after work. My partner enjoyed a cocktail or two and then we went back to our central location. It was pitch dark at the plant at that time of day and to get in it was necessary to ring for the guard. My partner

did this, but in the mean time nature told him he had to dispose of some excess fluid. Being dark and a convenient hedge next to the building there was no problem to comply with nature. However - before he was ready to come back to the car all the outside floodlights of the building came on. About 40 feet from the building was a busy thoroughfare. In this case nonchalance is the order of the day.

At one time, in Nebraska, we were working somewhere in the southeast part of the state. A telegram came from Mr. A.C. that he would like for us to "drop by" Long Pine. It had been left off our itinerary. The "drop by" was an all day's drive. Oh, well, we were paid to travel.

Some hotels were a particular pleasure in which to stay. Others were bummers. One memorable hotel was in Dayton, Ohio. I believe it was called Miami. Anyway they had a combination dining-room-bar and entertainment by "McNamara's

band". Each of the players could double on several instruments. But one musician outdid himself. A table was pushed up to the piano keyboard, a chair placed on the table and the musician sitting on the chair had a peg board attached to each shoe. Each board had two pegs attached. Then he took two trumpets and played a trumpet duet with piano accompaniment. Liberace never did that. Can't say this guy compared to Liberace's style, but he was good.

A distinctive feature of the dining room was that over each table there hung a 3 bladed propeller, one blade of which was pointed down toward the center of the table, close enough one could easily reach up and touch it.

The Hilltop Hotel in Toledo, Ohio: another hotel to remember; not for any special decor, but for its service. We were there when it was time for a six weeks' break. Before leaving on break we always made reservation for our return stay. It was late in the evening

when I got back to the hotel and - there were no rooms available. No sweat. The clerk assigned me to the ladies' lounge for the night. Now that is making good on a promise. I don't know what the management did to discourage normal use of the facilities but something had been arranged. Next morning JCJ was a little startled to learn where I had spent the night, as was the day clerk.

A small hotel in Indiana had an unusual system. In some small hotels there would be a little bell on the counter to ring for the clerk in case he was on an errand. This little hotel in Indiana (I disremember the town) had a hammer on the counter and a note stating, "For service rap on the pipe with the hammer". There was a steam pipe along the wall to the floor above. Mr. P.W., who was on orientation with us at the time, was most intrigued with that arrangement. It was unique - effective though.

Another time we had another person

on orientation with us - by name -
Abdel Samie Khalifa with Coca-Cola
Proche Orient, Cairo, Egypt.

Samie had much to learn about things in America. One thing that impressed him so much was all the lush vegetation. In Egypt he did not see that. Our ways of doing things were foreign to him also. Such as shining one's own shoes. At home that would never be done. There were servants for that. At home he was in the upper echelon of society, such as belonging to the same club as King Farouk. It was June 26, 1949 when he signed the little autograph book I kept to collect signatures as we traveled about. Being in southern Illinois at the time made him either feel somewhat at home or homesick. In Southern Illinois there were familiar Egyptian names like Cairo, Carmi, and the delta.

Another first for him was when Bob Mc., one evening introduced him to "boiler makers". Next morning in the trailer he was holding the top of his head as though to keep it

from blowing off.

One other experience he had - we were in Carbondale, Illinois and had stopped at a soda fountain for some refreshment. The girl behind the counter said, "We don't serve Negroes". Samie was rather dark skinned, and between the girl's perception and the fact that even in southern Illinois integration had not been realized at that time, things were a little awkward. We finally convinced her that he was an Egyptian and then she served us. The things Samie must have had to relate on returning home!!

How could one anticipate meeting an old friend in a strange town? One evening about supper time we were entering a town in Indiana. Don Bradshaw, the trainee, was in the back seat of the car when all of a sudden he let out a yell that could wake the dead: "Stop"!! He jumped out of the car and ran over to a parked car. His sharp eye had spotted an old friend, whether college, or military buddy I don't

know. That evening they had a gab fest of catching up on each others whereabouts and activities.

A fitting approach to the end of this narrative is a little description of my (our) retirement party in 1974. In 1956 my wife, Margaret, joined the company in the Archives department. When the time came we retired together. July 1974. Her department head and my department head planned a joint retirement party for us. The kitchen prepared a generous supply of delicious food and cake for the event. The time was about 3 PM one afternoon. Between then and 5 PM there must have been at least 200, including our children and a few special friends outside the company who stopped by to wish us well.

As a parting gift the two departments gave us a Kodak movie camera which we put to good use two years later on a six weeks tour of Spain where I finally got to meet my pen pal of some 40 years correspondence, beginning in

1930. She was studying English in the University of Madrid and I was studying Spanish in "Old Siwash" (Knox College) where Abraham Lincoln received an honorary doctorate degree. It was in 1858 following one of his debates with Mr. Steven Douglas on the college campus.

Enriqueta was a school teacher who never married. Neither of us was really conversant in the other's language. I think my wife grasped more of her conversation than I. Both of us had taken a year of beginning Spanish before making the trip. I am sure Enriqueta did not understand any more English than we did Spanish. But we had a good visit.

As far as I know there had not been before, nor since, a joint retirement party for a couple. Between the two of us we shared 50 years with the company: 1941- 1974 (32 1/2 and 17 1/2 years).

Now back to Christmas season 1949.

There were three of us traveling in the Midwest and not far from our home, so my wife invited my two traveling companions (R.F. and P.S.) to stay over night before going on home. The nice part was that those two fellows bought an electric train for our kids and that evening set it up so they could "test" it. No, that wasn't the only nice part. Our visitors were good kids and it was a pleasure to have them.

Being near Christmas and the end of the year, this is a good time and place to end this anthology with a quote from Mr. A.C.; so, a "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night".

"Neither exhortation nor coercion can win men over to new values. Both methods have been tried throughout history, particularly in the realm of ethics, without conspicuous success. Men and women follow a line of their conditioned inclinations."

The will to do right, and the

willingness to seek intelligently for what the right thing is, along with an honest effort to keep our MOTIVES under the magnifying glass of an enlightened conscience - is our way out. And our ONLY way. Sixteen hundred years of war! In the name of HIM who said, "Peace, my peace I give unto you", let us turn our eyes from our METHODS to our MOTIVES".

Names in Text

Bradshaw, Don (D.B.) *

Clack, Dean C.

Cox, Jack (Jack) *

Cunningham, L.G. (L.G.)

Eisenhower, D. W. (Ike)

Elmore, Stanhope

Farley, James

Frigstad, Roger (R.F.) *

Gadd, Dorothy (D.G.)

Goizueta, Roberto C.

Gullo, Steve (S.G.) #

Halliburton, Richard

Harper, Richard (Dick) *

Hopper, Everett S. (E.S.H.)

Hopper, Margaret

Hors, Enriqueta

James, John C. (JCJ) * #

Johnson, A.C. (Mr.A.C.) #

Khalifa, Abdel Sammie (Sammie) *

Goller, Joyce (J.G.)
 nee: Keebler, Joyce (J.K.)

Magruder, Sam (S.G.) *

McIlrath, Robert (Bob Mc.) *

Melcher, Frank W. (F.M.) *

O'Neal, Charles B. or C.B.O. *

Small, Frances Xavier (Pete) *

Taylor, E. Jeanette (J.T.)

Vickery, Edwin H. (Vick) *

Whitaker, John (J.W.) *

Williams, Preston H. (P.W.) *
Woodruff, Robert W.
Yarbrough, Preston (P.Y.) *
?????, Ned (Florida Bottler)

* Persons with whom I traveled at one time or another.

Persons in the original group, Field and Office, in 1941 (not complete).

Red Rover Travelers at different times

Alexander, Clayton E.
Arpiarian, Dick
Ashmead, Ed
Baker, E. A. "Muley" #
Barnes, Robert V.
Barnett, Gabriel #
Bender, Maurice (Maury)
Bennett, N. W.
Blackwelder, Frank
Blevens, J. M.
Blount, S. L.
Boles, E. F.
Bothwell, Robert W.
Bounds, Derek
Bowen, Luke
Bradshaw, Don *
Briggs, James B.
Broughton, William B.
Brown, James C.
Bruner, Joseph E.
Brunetto, C. A.
Burke, Robert W.
Bustum, Dan
Carefoot, Jack
Carlson, Samuel R.
Carter, Polk #
Chapman, W. C. "Chappie"

Chetwood, C. P.
Chisholm, William D.
Clay, I. L.
Clemensen, Charlie #
Cook, Charles Gene
Cooke, Winnie C.
Cox, Jack *
Craig, E. G.
Cunningham, L. G.
Cushing, W. B.
Davis, Harold
Davison, Bob
Day, John L.
Deignan, Harry
Deignan, John
Denman, D. W.
Dennis, George *
DeWitt, William G.
Dickenson, C. P.
Dickson, P. B.
Dodd, Byron
Dollard, J. Tom
Donahoe, Robert
Drew, Gene D.
Egginson, Howard #
Ellis, Bill
Evans, William E.
Ewing, Jones "Jack"
Fichtner, John Martin
Flaherty, Richard T. *
Flanders, Walter C.

Forster, Frank P.
Franze, David B.
Frigstad, Roger *
Fuller, E. E. ("Tom")
Gaetto, John R.
Gaughan, Phil. #
Gilbert, John
Gray, Jr., Duncan S.
Gullo, Steve #
Haag, Jr., J.F.
Hagan, Joe #
Hale, John
Hall, Hugh *
Harper, Richard (Dick) *
Harrison, W. A.
Heater, Charles M.
Hemphill, Julian
Hock, J. R.
Hopper, Everett S.
Huffman, Rolland B.
Huggins, H. E.
James, John C. * #
Johnson, Alan
Johnson, Jamie V. #
Johnson, Johnny
Jones, James H.
Kabbes, Loren J.
Keene, R. D.
Kirkpatrick, Leroy
Law, R. A.
Leiter, H. T.

Lindsay, C. R.
Logan, Raymond Henry
Loggins, Don G.
Magruder, Samuel W. *
Masters, J. D.
Matt, Lester N.
McCutcheon, William M.
McIlrath, Robert H. *
McKenna, Bob #
McMurray, John E.
McQuilkin, Frank #
Melcher, Frank W.
Menefee, Charles G.
Menefee, Richard R.
Methven, Donald G.
Miller, Cecil W.
Miller, F. O.
Mills, Dick
Miller, Richard
Mingee, William M.
Minnis, Sam
Minton, J. C.
Muhlberger, R. A.
Mullikin, M. P. "Pat"
Newell, Jr., Bruce *
O'Connell, John E.
O'Neal, Charles B. *
Parker, Jr., J. R.
Parkerson, J. T.
Persson, N. Leonard
Peth, David H.

Phaneuf, Robert P.
Phillips, Fritz
Poole, O. D.
Portwood, Norman
Pyle, Charles R.
Read, R. R.
Redman, S. A.
Reece, D. D.
Reynolds, Bob
Rivers, James D.
Rogers, Samuel R.
Roquemore, R. C.
Rothe, Henry S. #
Simonton, Abner A. #
Sims, Jack
Slough, V. E.
Small, Francis Xavier (Pete) *
Smith, Darrington (Darry)
Smith, F.
Smith, Herb
Smith, J. G.
Snyder, W. L.
Specht, Warren A.
Stetina, J. J.
Stokes, John M.
Stout, Harry #
Studley, Don
Talbot, Louis E.
Taylor, J. Tyler
Thompson, Jr., Thomas H. (Tommie)
Townsend, Robert L.

Turley, Bob #
Turlington, Courtney M.
Turner, Henry
Upchurch, Jr., Phillip R. (Phil)
Vickery, Edwin H. (Vick) *
Webster, Robert H.
Weeks, Louis W. *
Western, Ray W.
Wheeler, Herb
Whitaker, John *
Willis, Pete
Wilson, Jr., John
Winter, Jr., John H.
Yarbrough, Preston *

* Persons with whom I traveled at one time or another.

Persons in the original group, Field and Office, in 1941 (not complete).

Office Support Staff

(Partial list)

Most of the girls went on to become private secretaries and publications specialist.

Allison, LaTrelle
Baker, Madeleine
Callaway, Louise #
Fountain, Lola
Gadd, Dorothy #
Heidelbaugh, Betty
Johnston, Margaret Baker
Jones, Ollie
Kloeckler, Fidel #
Murphy, Pat
Phillips, Mary
Robinson, Mary Anne
Rowell, Margie
Shaver, Jane
Williams, Virginia

Assistant Department Mgr.
Lennard, Jr., Julius M.

Department Managers
Allen, A. B. *
Baker, Jr., E. A.
Grey, Jr., Duncan

Johnson, A. C. #
Wells, Bert #

Heads of The Technical Division
The Coca-Cola Company

Heath, Dr. W. P. #

May, Dr. Orville E.

Shillinglaw, Dr. Clifford

* Persons with whom I traveled at
one time or another.

Persons in the original group,
Field and Office, in 1941 (not
complete).

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NAMES OF FIELD

Names in field force not available
at time of initial printing.

Beisel, B. O.
Benke, William
Bound, George
Bridwell, W. F.
Crowel, Robert
D'Amico, J. W.
Ewbank, N. M., Jr.
Foster, Robert C.
Garcia, R. G.
Hunter, Gilbert
Kirkley, F. D.
Leighton, H. V.
Lowry, Cecil B.
McDonald, William R.
McGowan, Benjamin R.
MeHalic, J. C., Jr.
Nantz, G. R.
Newland, J. Andy
Palmquist, Robert
Phaup, J. D.
Pryor, D. E.
Purce, William E.
Rook, Paul
Scott, J. H.
Sheffield, Cliff C., Jr.
Smith Cread R.
Tyndall, Don L.
Vaughn, E. L.
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